

shower

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/30632861) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/30632861>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Video Blogging RPF
Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Character:	Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF), GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)
Additional Tags:	showering together, NO SEX JUST VIBING, Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Domestic Boyfriends
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of shitty dnf brainrot
Collections:	MCYT, i have way too much time on my hands lemme reread this fic
Stats:	Published: 2021-04-12 Words: 1253

shower

by [cloudfarmer \(crunchylightbulbs\)](#)

Summary

George is trying to enjoy his shower, but Dream interrupts.

Notes

posting two fics in two days oml y'all wanna kiss me so bad /j

for some reason showering together in a non sexual way is just so appealing to me?? so here's 1k hope you enjoy lmao

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

George doesn't hear the bathroom door open over the roar of the water around him, so when a voice pipes up that's not his own, he almost has a heart attack.

“Are you almost done?”

George jerks violently, and it takes all his self control not to scream as he clings onto the

showerhead in an effort not to slip and break his neck.

“*Dream?*”

Dream stands across the room, one hand still on the door handle as he leans into the bathroom. The glass of the shower is fogged because of the hot water, enough to making his expression fuzzy. But George can still tell Dream has an eyebrow raised in slight amusement.

“The one and only.”

“What are you doing in here?” George says, loosening his hold on the showerhead once he’s fairly sure he’s no longer in danger of slipping. He shuffles back and cranes his neck around the wall of glass, pushing back the wet hair in his face so he can see Dream clearly. “I’m showering.”

Dream’s eyes quickly flick up and down. “I can see that.”

George flushes, suddenly embarrassed. He doesn’t know why, it’s not like his boyfriend hasn’t seen him naked before. But it feels different in this environment, like he’s more vulnerable or something. All he knows is that he was enjoying his shower, and Dream rudely interrupted.

“Did you need something?”

“I need,” Dream says, “for you to get out.”

George blinks. “What?”

“Get out of the shower,” Dream says as he crosses his arms. “You’re using up all the hot water.”

George retreats back behind the glass fogged with perspiration. Dream’s fuzzy figure a looming presence behind it.

“No.”

“George.” Dream groans. “Come *on*. You’ve already been in here for twenty minutes.”

“In the *bathroom* for twenty minutes. The shower for only about nineteen.”

Dream makes such an unimpressed face George can see it even through the glass.

“Look I get that showering is your relaxation time or whatever but I would really appreciate it that when I go to have my own, there’s still some hot water left.”

George hums dismissively, stepping back under the shower head and tipping his face up to let the hot water run over his head and shoulders. It feels absolutely heavenly and he sighs in contentment. “Sorry Dream, the only way you’re getting me out of here is coming in yourself and dragging me out.”

For a moment it is silent, before Dream’s figure behind the glass suddenly shifts. “Fine.”

But the blurry figure that is Dream doesn’t make any movement to leave. Instead George hears the clink of a belt buckle and the thump of clothes hitting the tiled floor.

And then Dream waltzes into the shower.

George chokes. “I was *kidding*.”

“Oh I know.” Dream smirks, before lightly nudging George aside from underneath the showerhead and letting the stream of water wash over his head. Pushing his now wet hair out of his face, he gives George a smug smile while reaching for the soap. “But since you won’t get out, I might as well come in.”

George tries to think of a retort, but honestly? He doesn’t really know how to form words together right now. It shouldn’t be hot, the way Dream has interrupted his relaxing shower and pushed George aside so he can use it for himself.

But the water looks absolutely golden as it cascades down the smooth planes of Dream’s broad

shoulders and back. His large hands running across his chest, stomach, and down further leaving glossy bubbles in their wake as he lathers himself up with soap. He leans back to rinse, head thrown back and eyes slid shut in bliss and George's mouth feels suddenly extremely dry, which is ironic since he's literally in a *shower*.

“Why do you have the water so hot? I feel like I can’t breathe.” Dream says after most of the soap has been washed away. “No wonder there’s zero left when it’s my turn to shower.”

He nudges the tap to the right.

“Fuck!” George swears, jumping back at the splash of water. “That’s fucking *freezing*.”

Dream laughs. “No it’s not. This is what showers feel like when you’re not trying to boil yourself alive.”

“Or if you’re trying to contract hypothermia.” George grumbles, shouldering Dream’s stupid hot fucking self out of the way and reaching for the tap. “If you’re going to barge into *my* shower, you’re at least going to enjoy the temperature the way I have it.”

Dream hums looking very amused, but he doesn’t complain when George turns the tap to reheat the water. George steps back when he’s satisfied with the temperature, and turns his head to look back up at Dream with a frown.

Oh.

Dream has shifted closer. With his height and aforementioned broad shoulders, he looms over George under the stream of water. Rivulets cascading down his body as he cages him against the glass fogged with steam.

“Hey.” He grins.

George scowls, giving Dream’s chest a hard shove. “Fuck off.”

He reaches for the shampoo, desperately hoping the steam and water will hide his blush. But

Dream beats him to it.

“Let me.”

Though at first he was kind of pissed to have Dream gatecrash his shower, George has to admit this is pretty nice.

Dream is gentle, fingers threading through George's wet hair as he massages the shampoo in his scalp. Warm water runs over them both as Dream hums while he works, George fighting the urge to lean back into him. After rinsing out the shampoo suds, Dream gets a small dollop of conditioner in one hand and continues. It's kind of pathetic but George actually might fall asleep.

“Hello?” Dream shakes him lightly after the second rinse. “You there?”

“Mhm.” George mumbles, eyes fluttering.

Dream laughs. “You should probably get out. Can’t have you drowning, I’d be forced to do mouth to mouth.”

George scoffs lightly, tipping his head up to Dream’s face. “Because having to give mouth to mouth to your boyfriend would be a tragedy.”

Dream smiles as he shifts them out from underneath the stream of water and to the shower entrance, reaching for the towel hanging on the rail and draping it over George’s dripping head.

“Go on, get dressed.” Dream murmurs. “I’ll be out in a sec.”

George sighs dramatically but complies, shuffling out of the shower and leaving small puddles in his wake. It’s only after he’s fully dressed that Dream finally emerges. Fetching a second towel from the rail, he quickly ruffles his hair and pats down his arms and chest before wrapping it around his waist. He’s quick to notice George staring.

“Like what you see?”

George looks away. “No.”

Dream laughs, reaching for his own clothes. “Sorry, my mistake.”

George bites his lips as Dream is pulling his shirt over his head, and before he can stop himself the words come spilling out.

“Could we do this again?”

Dream’s face emerges when his shirt is fully on, mouth curved into a smile. “Sure, if you want.”

George’s face burns. “I do. Do you?”

Dream saunters over, hooking his fingers underneath his chin and tipping up his head so they’re almost at eye level. “Of course. I’d never pass up on a chance to see you naked.”

George punches him in the stomach and walks out the bathroom without a word, leaving Dream a wheezing mess of laughter behind him. His cheeks are definitely pink from the hot water. Definitely.

End Notes

ty for reading!

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